presence of a sort of bubble images of a much finer and more evanescent mould, haunting me ever and anon, just as one finds oneself haunted by one's own shadow. Some permanent sort of a relation seems to have sprung up between us and it seems scarcely possible that we shall part very soon. Of these bubble forms, there are many belonging to persons living on the earthly plane, and some to those that nave left their mortal remains on earth long, long ago or even recently. The wide gulf that separates the earthly from the unearthly, seems to have been bridged over by these intermediaries and I do not distinctly sense the distance between the living and the dead. What Ravana, the procrastinating Rakhsasha king of Lanka, could not accomplish in spite of his eager desire to construct the "Great Staircase** that was to lead earthly mortals direct to Heaven, has taken shape of itself in my mind and I seem to understand what that project of his meant.

The last of all these supernatural incidents took place a few days later, and with it

practically ended this chapter of my life. One morning we were told that the Superintendant was coming that very day to inspect our file.